

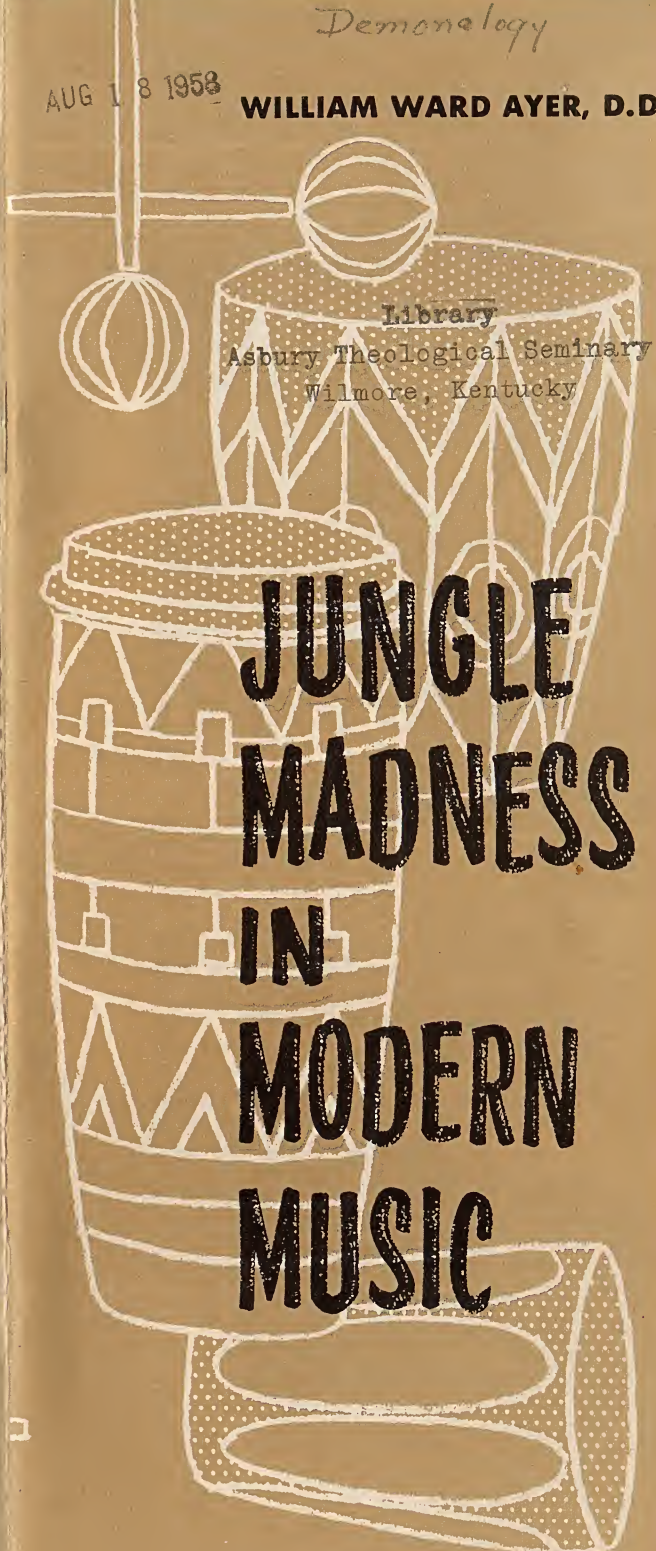
Demonology

AUG 18 1958

WILLIAM WARD AYER, D.D.

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Asbury Theological Seminary
Wilmore, Kentucky

A stylized line drawing of three drums and two hanging spheres. The drums are arranged vertically, with the top one being the largest and the bottom one the smallest. They feature various geometric patterns like triangles and dots. Two spheres, resembling beach balls, hang from above. The entire illustration is rendered in white lines on a tan background.

JUNGLE MADNESS IN MODERN MUSIC

ZP
1960
Ayer

Editorial
reprint from "BAPTIST STANDARD"

In this week's issue we carry one of the longest articles published in this paper for many years. It is entitled, "Are Demon Forces at Work in America Today?" The writer is Dr. William Ward Ayer who for 14 years was pastor of Calvary Baptist church in New York City.

We Recommend It

He is presently engaged in radio and evangelistic work. The editor would like to suggest to every pastor, parent, and teacher that this article be recommended to the youth of Texas. We fear too many young people are rocking and rolling themselves into hell. Doctor Ayer has prepared a message which will help young people to find themselves in this crazy age if they will read it, and they will read it when the pastors take time from the pulpit to suggest that they do so.

Some months ago the editor's wife was at home ill and tuned in a Baptist church service on Sunday morning. During the service the pastor made this statement to his people: "You will find this in the Baptist Standard if you read it, and I doubt that you do." That pastor is a noble soul, and he did not intend to say anything that would cause anyone to ignore the Standard, but he did anyway. Would it not have been much better to say, "I hope you read the Standard, for in it you will find thus and so?" The power of suggestion is strong, and a suggestion from the church leaders may mean the difference in the reading material that enters the lives of our people. It is to be hoped that every Baptist in Texas will read Doctor Ayer's warning.

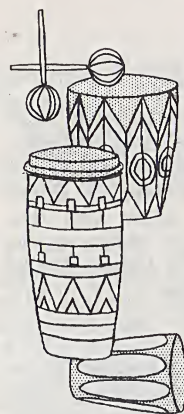


Dr. William Ward Ayer

Most sensible people, both Christian and non-Christian, have been shocked by the devilish, so-called music which has driven young people into a frenzy in America and England. Dr. Ayer traces it back to its evil origin. He was for many years a Baptist pastor in leading churches in Indiana and Ontario, Can., and served the Calvary Baptist Church in New York City for fourteen years. He is now director of Ayerow Christian Projects, Inc., with offices at 39 Cortlandt Street, New York City, where he conducts the business of a wide radio broadcast, and an evangelistic and Bible conference ministry.

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Are **DEMON FORCES** at Work in America Today?

Reprint from "BAPTIST STANDARD"

The afternoon edition of a metropolitan newspaper hit the street with the scarehead: "Disgusted Adults Battling Music of Delinquents." The story emphasized parental concern over the "rock'n-roll" craze that has been sweeping the nation. It said: "From puritanical Boston to julep-loving Georgia, the new revolt is being waged against a musical tyranny which has been foisting what some call the 'theme of juvenile delinquents' on grownups who prefer less volatile stuff."

The news story told of "rock'n-roll" riots in Atlanta, Minneapolis, and San Diego—wild, sensuous gyrations to the savage beat of drum and twang of guitar sent teenagers into a stomping, jumping, screeching frenzy that brought the police to the scene to drag the careening juveniles off to police court.

Many of these jungle-like, tom-tomish, music-and-dance debauches end in criminal acts. In Somerville, Mass. a teenager was stabbed with an ice pick during the climax of rock'n-roll hop; a girl was knifed in another city.

What is this thing that's sweeping America? It's certainly something more than a normal show of youth exuberance. Where did it come from? How did it get here? Are we experiencing a satanic assault? Is the lawless one at work? Attempted explanations of the situation are legion; but whatever the cause, a noted psychiatrist was right when he diagnosed rock'n-roll as a "communicable disease," and so was the punster who dubbed it "the 3 R's of the music world—Rock, Roll, and Riot." There are certainly evil forces behind it, even though much of it is spawned by money-hungry recording producers and disk jockeys pandering to the lowest urges of a morally loose generation.

One fact is certain, and that fact makes it a religious problem of the first order: this wild music and insane dancing comes from Africa's jungles. Inescapably it is heathenism!

Before me as I write, lies a magazine article dealing with the primitive Afro-American music, variously named "jazz," "swing," "be-bop," etc., revealing its tremendous hold upon the youth of the land. Photos illustrate wild antics of musical jamborees, with sadistic-faced musicians perspiring profusely as they play their wailing instruments for a crowd of ecstatic young people. The faces of these musicians bear expressions similar to pictures of

↖ A possessed "Demon Worshipper" in Haiti

voodoo devotees. The same wild look of fleshly ecstasy is registered on their faces.

A tortured saxophone mesmerizes teenagers with blue notes that leave the dancing young people limp, disheveled, and white with exhaustion. The photos reveal their distorted faces, lifted hands, open mouths, blazing eyes. African missionaries have told me that these are the accompaniments of the weird and perhaps demon-instigated music and dancing of the wild jungle tribes. Their ribald rites usually end in mass immoralities.

Demons are at work today. Demon possession is a proven fact. "The Spirit speaketh expressly that in the latter times many shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of demons" (I Tim. 4:1). America may be experiencing an onslaught of salacious demon forces that corrupt millions of our youth.

I think I hear a disgusted "Tut, tut!" from some religious and social moderns, "At the worst this is a passing phase and at best a new art form, and we must accept it and rejoice in it."

Recently a Christian minister appeared for weeks on one of the prominent television shows and successfully answered enough questions concerning jazz and its proponents to win \$32,000. To 30 or 40 million people he gave a sort of religious respectability to a very low form of music.

When one considers the origin, influence, and associations of this miasmatic music it is difficult to see how it can be commended by Christians. Yet today sermons on jazz are prevalent and clergymen are talking glibly of the vital relationship between religion and this popular musical form.

To me this is like doctors commending typhoid bacteria and tuberculosis bacilli! Will the day come when hospitals will make peace with cancer, and will physicians lecture on television about its glories as an American disease? Will they endeavor to export it to other countries under government subsidies as we are now doing with this perverted music which came from the jungles by way of the slave trade of the Caribbean, the voodoo demon-worship of Haiti, and the sensuous pleasure houses, gambling joints, and booze dives of New Orleans' Lower Basin street?

Jungle Origin

Early in the summer of 1955 I spent some time in Haiti and studied some of its voodooism, conversing often with informed natives concerning it. Much of what is claimed today to be our distinctive American music is really a carry-over from the music of demon dances of the jungle, was my shocked discovery.

Few people realize that the dance steps, which have become such a craze with millions of our people and are performed to the enervating throb and beat of drums amid the sensuous moaning of saxophones, not only imitate the Afro-Cuban-Haitian demon-worshipping dances of voodooism, but their very names have come out of a demon-worshipping ritual.

The popular "samba" is the name of a dance dedicated to the worship of the Haitian voodoo demon, "Simbi," god of seduction and fertility. The "Conga" is another dance of voodooistic origin, named after the African demon "Congo" whose worship the slaves brought from

the African jungles to the Caribbean islands. And there are others.

In Haitian voodoo ritual, according to a writer on the subject,* each demon has his own drum beat, dances, and hymns of adoration.

The modern "Mambo" dance is named after the voodoo priestess who offers sacrifices to the demons during the Satan-inspired rituals. This plainly is the godless origin of this music and its accompanying dances. And to add to the blasphemy, not only is this rank paganism introduced into Christian America, but according to the September 18, 1955 issue of *The New York Times*, Dixieland bands are taking the sacred music of our churches and distorting it to these demon-worshipping tempos.

And do you know that slightly modified forms of these dances are often seen on our American television screens? We are told these are legitimate "folk ways" to add to our culture, but they are vastly different from the "folk dances" of European peoples. The effect of this Afro-Caribbeanism upon American morals is degenerating. The introduction of this carnality into our American culture is just as sensible as introducing the festering yaws, sleeping sickness, and elephantiasis of the jungle as "folk customs" to our people.

In the name of Christian morals we must denounce and oppose this form of integration—the integration into our land of demon-pleasing, degrading, anti-Christian, practices of the voodoo meetings. Our culture was built upon the Bible, the Word of God, upon belief in Christ and the morals, ethics, and high standards that go with it. This voodooistic onslaught must be a satanic invasion!

Now lest anyone think the author is not appreciative of the culture which our Negro people have given America, let me remind you that perhaps the most significant phase of American music is that which the Negro has both contributed and influenced. As a Christian leader I have often thanked God for the Negro spirituals—religious songs, haunting melodies in minor keys, whose roots go back to the days of slavery and some of whose melodies may have crossed the water from Africa.

In the primitive words and melodies you can hear a people bound in slavery pray to God for deliverance, shout and praise the Father for His mercy. This distinctive music is rich in expression of trust in the Lord Jesus in the midst of trial and sorrow. Ofttimes the words are simple, the theme repetitious, the singing antiphonal.

The "spirituals" are the heartcry of a people for freedom and for God. Sadly, almost blasphemously, they have been taken over by the entertainment world in our day, their purpose misdirected, their melodies adapted to the cheapest of swing. These spirituals, undoubtedly the pleading prayer of a believing people, have sacrilegiously become the media of entertainment in the theater and night club amid drunkenness and moral dishevelment.

Music is a force in society; it may ennoble or it may degenerate. Much of our modern music in the United States is by every applicable standard a degenerating influence to our people. If today's music has not created the loose spirit of the age, it at least reflects that spirit and provides a musical cesspool in which the devotees of an inferior American culture may wallow in squealing ecstasy.

*"Divine Horsemen—The Living Gods of Haiti" by Maya Deren (Thames and Hudson, 1953).

But let us remove the binding garments that have conditioned us to these situations and ask about this modern musical melange that has invaded the homes and set the young people to imitating the drivel of morons in songs and of savages in dances.

Priests and Sacrifices

Life magazine recently carried a feature article about a Las Vegas, Nev. hotel program, showing sadistic dancers that did voodoo contortions and also "priests" with "sacrificial chickens." Pictures showed a group of dancing girls dressed in sensuous costumes going through a suggestive dance which the magazine called "the African Watusi (in which) they writhed through a violent sequence of jumps and contortions. At the climax a medicine man came out brandishing two live squawking chickens."

Few who read the article would know that the whole procedure is copied from Haitian voodooism where demons first "possess" their victims, taking over their bodies and minds completely. Under this "possession" their faces often writhe in anguish; blind terror seizes them; and as the drums beat wildly the victim dances and staggers till the "spirit" leaves him to fall exhausted as he returns to consciousness without any knowledge of what he has said or done during the demon's possession. The ceremony usually ends in a blood sacrifice. Sometimes it is a goat that is offered, but more often a rooster, dedicated to the demon who is worshipped. Thus Las Vegas may be trafficking with Satan as well as gambling for gold.

The influence of this degenerate music and accompanying dances on American morals need not be argued. Small wonder that evil happens, because its parent voodooistic music-and-dances often end in shamelessly promiscuity. An author who thoroughly investigated Haitian voodooism says: "While the dances and 'possession' need not eventuate in sexual excesses, it is true nevertheless that both sex and liquor play a considerable part in the rites. Because there are little or no sex inhibitions among the African people of Haiti and they regard even promiscuity as wholly normal and un sinful, it is quite natural that the high excitement of such meetings should end in sex acts.

"The gods themselves claim to have a sex life and demand erotic experiences when they are in possession of human bodies. The movements acted out by the dancers' hips and shoulders are definitely erotic." The writer goes on to say that the movements are a good deal like the tango or rhumba in our American dance routines.

Suggestiveness Predominates

The contaminating influence of many modern songs is that suggestiveness predominates. (Witness the recent outcry against a young Tennessee singer because of his uncouth and suggestive gyrations.) Clever lyrics present flippancy on one hand and carnal desire on the other. These are set to incendiary music sung in public with much moaning and groaning and sexy twisting and turning.

American music is rapidly sinking into a silly, sensuous mire, the feet of millions of our youth are becoming entangled and souls are being destroyed, the ennobling music of other days has slid down the moral toboggan. First it dipped into ragtime nonsense, then descended to

jazz; now it is swing, be-bop, rock'n-roll, or whatever may be the latest title. Song topics sink lower and lower till they slide along the lowest sentiments that previously were found only in dives and brothels. Now they find their places on the pianos and in the record albums of supposedly godly American homes.

Ministers, educators, reformers, parents, and citizens are amazed at the increasing immortality of our people. Why not look squarely at the things that create this looseness while destroying high sensibilities? This satanic musical onslaught is changing folks who should act like beings made in God's image, to moaning and groaning semi-imbeciles expressing the cheapest and lowest emotions.

Let us be sensible. What can we expect but cheap living when our nation is every day bathed in sights, sounds, and ideas of low character, when we're drenched with suggestion, drowned in a torrent of what must be called degenerate and degenerating music.

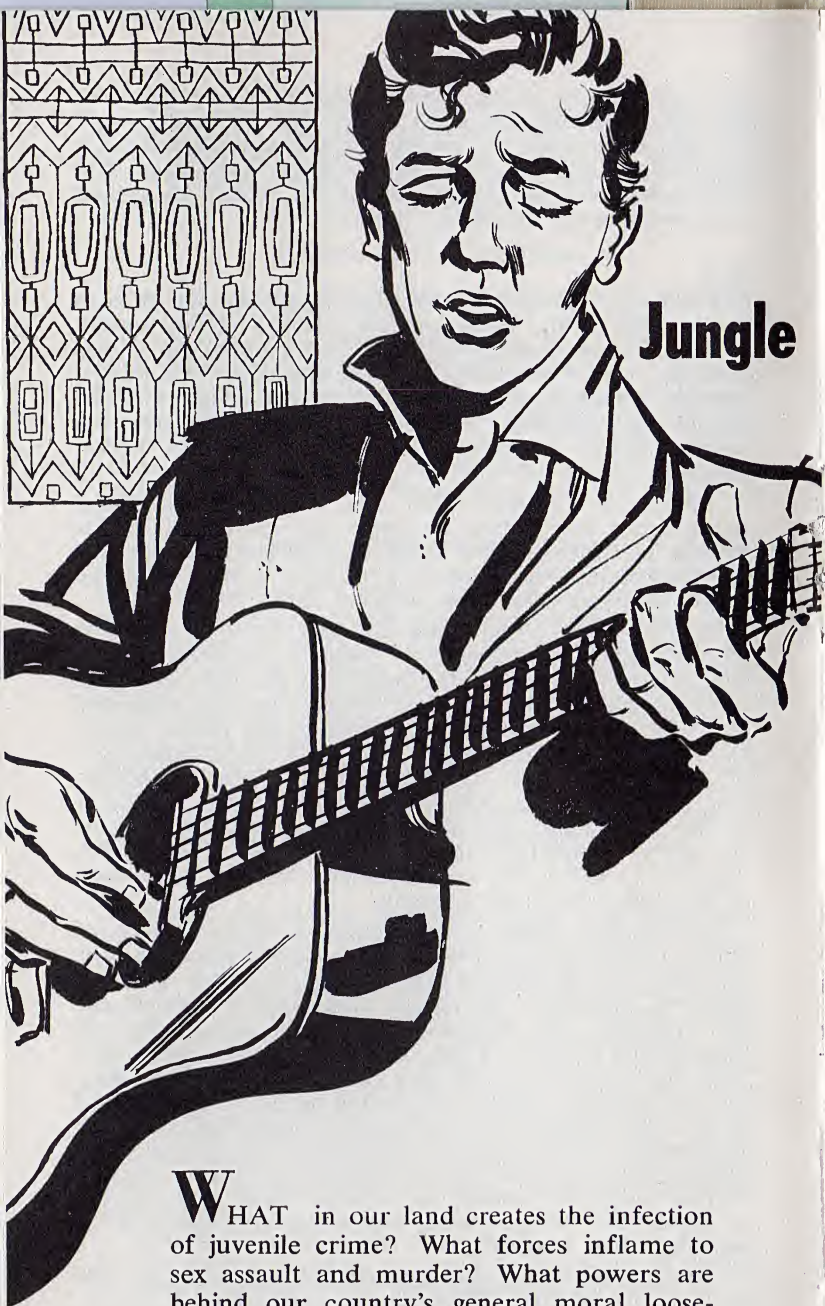
History seems to be repeating itself. After 20 centuries of Christianity, paganism now seems to be dimming our God-ordained morals. At the beginning the Christian faith drove paganism from the field. Christ met and conquered Pan and his licentiousness. Ancient pagan myths tell of satyrs of the woods making wine and music precursors of their Bacchanalia. These sprites of Greek mythology who were half goat and half human played the pipes of Pan and danced in their orgies. Pan was believed to be the giver of fertility and was portrayed as a lustful, vigorous creature. He was especially fond of music and of dancing with forest nymphs.

Christianity swept over Greece and the power of Christ destroyed the power of Pan and stopped the Bacchanalia; and all over the pagan world the people mourned that Pan, their god, was dead! Christ and Pan could not live together. But Pan seems to live again today. In place of his threefold pipes he has whole orchestras that play the latest lewd song hits, and sultry-voiced maidens are the modern nymphs who do his bidding. Music is said to be the language of angels, but it has often been the insinuating utterances of devils. Music has often been healing medicine for broken hearts, but also a lure to foolish hearts to pursue evil. Good music has charms to soothe the savage breast; bad music can turn men to savagery and bestiality.

God's people must once again stand up and sing God's praises, and let Him redeem us lest we perish.

A Mambo-Haitian Voodoo Priestess





Jungle Madness in American Music

Reprint from "YOUTH FOR CHRIST"

Tough kids have made a cult out of rock-'n-roll. It has become part of their insignia, along with leather jackets and dungarees.

The record hop, a recent development, has been compared to an African tom-tom or voodoo dance. "At the worst of these hops," says an observer, "a disc jockey plays five or six hot numbers in succession. He gets the kids going faster and faster. They start trying to outdo one another. The other kids form rings around the dancers on the floor and start chanting, 'Go! Go-go!' If the jockey doesn't do anything to stop this, the kids work themselves into a state of mass hysteria. And then anything can happen."

And sometimes it does.

In suburban Somerville, Massachusetts, a teen-ager was stabbed with an ice pick during the climax of a rock-'n-roll hop. Two boys were stabbed at a similar hop in Medford. A girl was knifed at still another in Everett. Youth's wild, sensuous, murderous fling is instigated by this incendiary music known as "rock-'n-roll." It is the jungle tom-tom combined with blaring disharmony, weird, wild sounds that pied-piper-like arouses the lowest carnality in the dancers.

Where does this musical melange come from? It invades the homes and sets our young people to imitating the drivel of morons! Whence this sly suggestion, this abandonment to the sensuous?

Every day our ears are assailed by jungle squeals, grunts and gasps of ridiculous singers whose salacious words and feverish notes should not be permitted in a decent moral society! God's Word says, "Put away evil from among you!" Should we again break Thy commandments and join in affinity with the people of these abominations there should be no escaping.

WHAT in our land creates the infection of juvenile crime? What forces inflame to sex assault and murder? What powers are behind our country's general moral looseness?

It's time we knew! It's time those who do know told us. It's time every moral enforcement agency got busy and laid a restraining hand, not merely on the criminal, but on the cause of crime!

For one thing, let's do something about the jungle music that is making jumping idiots of our youth. Judge John J. Connelly, head of Boston's juvenile court, has charged that irresponsible disc jockeys are partially responsible for Boston's increasing juvenile delinquency rate, particularly those who run rock-'n-roll record hops. "Some with their smutty remarks, mannerisms and glib talk set a poor example for youngsters entrusted to them," the judge said.



We must have lost our sense of propriety or we would be asking indignantly, "Where does this filth, these double-entendre lyrics come from? Where are the cesspools that are contaminating American thought and action through the mesmerizing power of music?"

Much of our modern music is a foul miasma which must originate in the minds of inferior folk and, God pity us, seems to have found enough morally weak minds to receive it.

"Let me make the nation's songs, and I care not who makes its laws," someone said. How true! With only a meager handful of orchestras playing the high, legitimate and ennobling music of the masters, and thousands of bouncing "combos" on radio, television and records, in theatres, dance halls and elsewhere, this highly commercialized, unthinkably profitable musical dry rot is having more influence on the masses than the schools, churches or our congressional halls.

Do you realize what an insidious menace all of this is to our individual morals and national integrity? Every low idea that can be raked out of the dives of New Orleans, the wild, unbridled sensuousness of semi-civilized Caribbean rhythms, and even the dark and dank jungles of seething Africa, are being set to incendiary music to thrill the squealing mob and set them to moaning, groaning, twisting and twirling in empty-headed ecstasy.

What I want to know is this: Is America singing what it really likes? If so, it is a sad commentary on our intelligence. Or are we flabby folk being fed this poison for profit whether we like it or not? These songs cannot be the expression of a nation that started at Plymouth Rock and suffered at Valley Forge, and produced a Washington, an Adams, a Jefferson, a Lincoln, a Lee, a Bryan, a Teddy Roosevelt, a Henry Ward Beecher and a D. L. Moody. This thing is alien to our culture.

In other days the people sang, but not in such doped fashion nor with such bewildered continuity as they do now. They sang because they wished to, not as uncontrolled habit. They often sang nonsensical songs, sentimental and heroic ones, but the "shady" songs were outlawed. Their songs lived. But now, the popular song of last month — who knows its name?

The old songs did not have room for the

suggestive and the unwholesomely emotional. Sentiment was not lacking, but it was high sentiment. Then came the modern suggestive song. Titles appeared dealing with an entirely different series of subjects than the songs they displaced. Talented singers and tuneful singing vanished. The African and jungle motif, the so-called "Congo" stuff, and other compositions, swiftly degenerated into a bestial type.

But today the jungle music-and-dance has captured America. Seductive syncopation swamps the harmony of our songs. Glamorous youths mutter dirges in low monotones. Voluptuous females with grossly seductive gestures moan nasal notes no real musician can recognize. "Jazz bands" made their appearance. Sentiment turned into sensuous suggestion. Romance became eroticism. The popular music passed from ragtime to jazz and crooning followed by swing, bebop, and now rock'n'roll. We seem to have reached the slimy bottom of the musical underworld.

All America is now one great "Tin Pan Alley" and we're exporting the musical slop to the rest of the world to earn the deserved contempt of the better minds of the nations. A magazine article tells me: "The music offered by Radio Free Europe, at 10:05 every morning, and at other hours accords with this confusion, savagery and hopelessness. Most of it is jazz in the version of the squeaking disharmonies and noises of primitives, or of complex men who flee from their own souls . . . On the other hand the Communists, mindful of national heritage, play the great music of the European people. They benefit by these magnificent works. But America's propaganda broadcasts jazz — alien, uninspiring stuff."

Small wonder that some of us while travelling abroad have heard Americans called money-mad morons without culture. Under government sponsorship we're sending bands to Europe and elsewhere to show off our American culture. But some of our performers are not received very cordially. Europeans have a better understanding of music than Americans.

TIME magazine recently reported the police opposition in Holland to a special brand of musical degradation led by an American band leader. Young people became hysterical, danced in craziness all over the place . . . "Manager of concert hall shocked. Music gets hotter. Saxophonist gets up for solo, squirms, twists, flops, lies

on back, feet up. Cultured Europeans say 'Heathenism! Immorality!' Audience now wildly shouting, prancing, dancing, flinging arms, tossing legs, screaming. 'Stop it!' demands hall manager. Handkerchief jabbed into coat pocket, trim, with cold eyes, he strides to center stage, faces band. Holds up arms, band stops. Crowd doesn't . . . just gets wilder. Boos, whistles, stomps. Minutes later two black-booted city cops turn up. Jazz band leader is arrested. Goes quietly. Band watches, bemused. Audience shocked. Screams and catcalls."

The author's recent trip to Haiti, with an opportunity to study briefly voodooism firsthand, has convinced him that this modern music-and-dance craze is a demon-instigated onslaught on American morals. In her well-documented book entitled, "Divine Horsemen — The Living Gods of Haiti," Maya Deren sets forth the music, nature and effect of Haitian voodooism. West Africa from the northern bulge of the Continent clear down to the mouth of the Congo provided the slaves for the Caribbean isles. Among them were members of the Senegalese people, Bambaras, Arades, Congos, Kangas, Fons and Fulas. "All brought with them their particular traditions, their language, their gods, their dances, their drum beats, the memory of their homelands and the names of their towns and rivers." Their religion was based on drums and dancing. They worshipped a "god" or demon, and the ultimate experience in their religion was the temporary "possession" of their bodies by the demon they worshipped.

In his "Haiti, the Black Republic" Sheldon Rodman writes concerning the voodoo religious rites: "To a foreigner the general impression is usually summed up in such epithets as 'disorganized,' 'sex-crazed,' or 'orgiastic.'" His description of the wild dances: "Shoulders and hips are as active as the feet, often more so." He tells of the "Congo pose" (prevalent in many of our modern lewd dances): "the left hand on the hip and the right hand held upward."

In the late '30's Dancer Katherine Dunham, a Negress, spent some time in Haiti and introduced voodoo to the New York stage. Pearl Primus studied these pagan dances in the heart of Africa, receiving for the purpose the largest financial grant ever made by The Guggenheim Foundation and also receiving the Greater New York Newspaper Guild's award for "outstanding contribution to the dance."

Mt. Holyoke College, Massachusetts' swank girls school, had Miss Primus present her program of African jungle ceremonies and ritual dances in their Mary E. Wooley Hall. Voodoo is now respectable.

So much for the origin. The nature and effect is revealed by a devotee's description of her own "possession" by a Haitian "god" (demon): "The drummers keep up a terrific throb and beat which very easily takes possession of the sensibilities of the worshippers. Observers say that these drums themselves are able to bring a person to a place where it is easy for the deity to 'mount' them or take possession of their bodies. The defenseless person is buffeted by each stroke as the drummer sets out to 'beat the loa (god) into his head!' The person cringes with each large beat as if the drum mallet descended upon his very skull; he ricochets about the place, clutching blindly at the arms which are extended to support him."

It does not take much imagination to see the connection between this and the sex-crazed, irrational, irresponsible actions of the devotees of rock-'n-roll.

We mustn't forget that earthly music originated in Cain's rebellious civilization. Cain, the murderer, was banished from Paradise and set up a civilization of arts and sciences in defiance of God. "Jubal (Cain's great grandson) was the father of all such as handled the harp and the organ" (Genesis 4:21). Israel glorified music in her praise of Jehovah, and Christianity lifted melody and harmony to its highest expression in "telling redemption's story," but paganism through the centuries has used music's seductiveness to lower morals and destroy noble sensibilities.

Yes, and even provide a carnal substitute for the joys and exaltations of the Holy Spirit's indwelling presence. Today it would appear that Satan and his hosts have taken over. The jungle is transported to America's dance halls. Demons seem to have leaped the seas from tribal West Africa to the Caribbean Isles, and to New Orleans' Basin and Bourbon Streets. Through Dixieland Jazz it has spiralled downward through swing and bebop to the wild, sex-crazed, sometimes crime instigating, demon-led voodooistic rock-'n-roll.

Why doesn't America awaken to a realization that this terrible disease will destroy us unless it is quarantined, its victims rescued and treated until our land is delivered from the curse!

Demon Drums of Voodoo



Resounding in Our Land

FOR many months the virus of godlessness has manifested itself in a music-and-dance craze which seems downright demoniacal. It is called "rock-'n-roll" and it is wild and savage dancing to jungle drums, blaring disharmonies, with insane antics by the musicians themselves. There have been riots and bloodshed, slurs on the national anthem and religious hymns.

A riot in Asbury Park's (N. J.) Convention Hall sent twenty-five teenagers to the hospital. The mayor then slapped a rock-'n-roll ban on all city dance halls. Taking the hint, Jersey City canceled jazzman Paul Whiteman's "Rock-'n-Roll Under the Stars" show at the 24,000-seat Roosevelt Stadium.

In San Jose, Calif., rioting rock-'n-rollers routed 73 policemen, injured 11 people, did \$3,000 worth of damage to a dance hall before they were evicted.

In San Antonio rock-'n-roll was banned from city swimming pool jukeboxes because, said the City Council, its primitive beat attracted "undesirable elements" given to practicing their gyrations in abbreviated bathing suits.

When one delves into the origins of this music-and-dance debauch, he discovers a Satanic onslaught on our youth which originated in the demon-worshipping dances of Africa's jungles and came to America by way of the semi-savage voodoo drums, songs, and dances of the Caribbean. A beachhead for the evil was found in the sensuous night life of New Orleans' Lower Basin Street, and from there it has spread over the land and is now being exported abroad.

Demon-Inspired Dances

Few realize that the names of many of the popular dances such as Mambo, Samba, Conga are the names (or adaptations) of the voodoo deities of Haiti worshiped by the natives with songs,

weird and suggestive dances, demon possession, and blood sacrifices.

These originally demon - inspired dances are being given respectability in our land through programs in high school and college put on by devotees and labeled "Folk Dances of the Caribbean." Impressionable high school and college youth watch these voodoo gyrations and though they must be conscious of the lowest carnality they express, nevertheless feel they are legitimate. I have a startling news report from a Holyoke, Mass., paper concerning the introduction and high approval of this low-down stuff in no less a school than Mount Holyoke College. The paper says:

"A well-known interpreter of the primitive dance (Pearl Primus) will present a program including African jungle ceremonies, ritual dances of Melanasia, the legends and calypso dancing of the Caribbean, and the spirituals and jazz of the United States, at Mount Holyoke College, November 29th.

"With a supporting cast of eleven, she will appear in the College Auditorium. Three master shango drummers of the Orisha people of Trinidad are part of the new company with this dancer on this tour. The offerings will be the royal dance of the African Watusi tribe and spirituals including 'Motherless Child,' 'Gonna Tell God All My Troubles,' 'Ev'ry Time I Feel De Spirit,' and 'Great Gettin' Up Mornin',' which will be interpreted by the company."

You see how deep a hold this music-and-dance influence has upon American life.

Some years ago an Eastern community was stirred by the appearance in their high school auditorium of African dancer Katherine Dunham to bring "Caribbean culture" through the nearly nude dances of voodoo land. *Time* magazine carried a news story accompanied by a photo of this woman whose Haitian popularity is revealed by a statue of her "dancing feet" in the National Museum in Port-au-Prince. Says *Time*:

"After some five years away from Broadway, Chicago-born dancer Katherine Dunham, 45, who elevated burlesque's bumps and grinds to highbrow respectability as Afro-Caribbean chore-

ography, returned with her troupe to Manhattan, drew regrets from encore-cheering audiences that her revue is booked for only a four-week run."

Serious students of this Satanic attack upon Christian morals in America should read Maya Deren's well-documented volume, "Divine Horsemen—The Living Gods of Haiti" (1953, Thames and Hudson, London and New York. May be ordered from Vanguard Press, Inc., 424 Madison Ave., New York 17; \$4.75). The volume is the result of a long and serious study made by the author under the sponsorship of the Guggenheim Foundation. (Significantly the aforementioned Miss Pearl Primus studied music and dance in the interior of Africa under the largest grant ever made by the Rosenwald Foundation. Is this another form of integration?)

Miss Deren gives a history of the African tribal origins of the demon gods of the voodoo meetings of Haiti, whose dances and music have spread to many parts of the world. She says that these gods and customs were brought by the African tribes to Haiti.

While there were many tribes and diverse customs, yet all had certain basic beliefs in common. Each practiced ancestral worship. They worshiped their deities with the use of song, drums, and dancing in what they called religious rituals, many of which were grossly sensualistic and sadistic, and had as the crisis of the experience the "possession" of one or two worshipers by the demon himself.

The Incessant, Compelling Drumbeat

As in our modern jazz and rock-'n-roll, the voodoo ritual accentuates the drums. Miss Deren writes: "Of all the individuals related to ritual activity, it is the drummer whose role would seem almost analogous to that of an individual virtuoso. Yet this again is not to say that he is unconfined by tradition; on the contrary, Haitian ritual drumming requires more explicit craft training and practice than any of the other ritual activities."

She goes on to say that the *loa*, or deities, are saluted first by the drumbeat which these demons are supposed to appreciate. An observer of these voodoo rites

says that both the dancers and singers are forced to salute the drummers first before any other part of the service is entered into. And is it not the incessant, compelling drumbeat that sets youth half crazy in these rock-'n-roll sessions? Actually there's neither melody nor harmony in it. "Tempo," the lowest in music, is exalted to the highest.

Serious psychiatrists have been asking, Are jazz and rock-'n-roll musicians mentally abnormal? A famous drummer was said to have received inspiration for his drumming straight out of the jungle, and to have perfected himself by hundreds of hours of listening to phonograph recordings of the native drumming of wild African tribes. He caught their frenzied tempo and incessant rhythm and produced the sounds that batter the sensibilities and fray nerves until they whip through the system like an epileptic seizure and create ecstasy like that of the crazed voodoo dancer.

Then this man was arrested, sent to prison following a narcotic conviction, and people began to understand. A recent writer on this subject says that some jazz musicians have used marijuana to help them bring out what is called "out-of-this-world" sounds and rhythms that clamor for release in their brains. They feel unable to produce their weird sounds without the stimulus of a drug.

We have reason to believe that *demon possession* may be invading America. This madness that accompanies the jungle music could be the influence of demons. One who had watched the Afro-Caribbean madness says, "It is something like the elation of the Holy Roller, and the mystical exaltation of the enraptured saints." But in many instances it is demon possession. Those who come under "seizure" by the demon being invoked usually experience this during the dancing, or the drum playing, or the sacrifice, which climaxes the service.

The Holy Spirit's warning in 1 Timothy 4:1 should be heeded today. Satan has found a powerful medium by which to pervert the people. For centuries he

has held benighted tribes of the Dark Continent in his spell. Missionaries tell of the wild dances, the "possession," and moral destruction of the natives. Today this music-and-dance routine is maddening millions of folk in America. What has happened?

Seductive syncopation swamps the harmony of our songs. Glamorous youths mutter dirges in low monotones. Voluptuous females with grossly seductive gestures moan nasal notes no real musician can recognize. Sentiment is turned into sensuous suggestion. Romance becomes eroticism. Popular music has slid into ragtime, and ragtime has been superseded by jazz and crooning, followed by swing, bebop, and now rock-'n-roll. We seem to have reached the slimy bottom of the musical underworld.

Nothing has happened in America to do more to dull the minds and morals of our people than has this savage music. The continuous pounding of this Afro-Cuban, voodoo, paganistic, musical clatter dulls the mind, destroys nobility, and for millions becomes a powerful urge to sex and crime. Where did it come from? This degrading music came to us from the African jungle by way of the Caribbean.

Recently *Coronet* magazine carried a feature article with pictures, called "New Orleans—America's Most Exotic City." It spoke of Lower Basin Street—nine blocks of closely crammed night clubs and bars dedicated to uninhibited fun, sprawling through the heart of the French Quarter. Show business blares a new Dixieland beat into the sultry night. The entertainers are largely non-white, but most of the customers are white. The sensuous, risqué shows predominate and appeal to the lowest passions which came out of the jungles by way of the Cuban-Haitian voodoo seance and wild demon-possessed dancing.

"All attempts at reform movements," says the magazine, "have failed. Swarming with servicemen, college students, and people attending conventions, the French Quarter unabashedly gears its entertainment off-color ditties, burlesque gyrations, to sensual rhythms.

"New Orleans is a place where today the primitive, pulsating beat of the jungle seeps into the bloodstream." Wild and sensuous African music prevails. The steady beat of the low music is an inescapable reminder of primitive desires.

Right here we must see how the Gospel of Christ changes situations. Both the American and Caribbean Negro were brought as slaves to this side of the Atlantic. Though they had the same national and racial origin, their culture became widely different. From the American Negro in slave days came bright, happy music. Their folk songs and religious spirituals made a splendid contribution to American music. You see the difference? While the Caribbean slaves brought the pagan music and dancing to their new home, they received little or no Gospel; but the Negro slaves that came to America were converted to Christ by the hundreds of thousands and became one of our great religious groups. Their paganism was changed to Christianity. However, today the Afro-Caribbean music is capturing the American Negro as well as the white, and in some instances the better music of the American Negro is being degraded into the salacious forms of Caribbean music.

And so this plague sweeps over the land—from Africa to the Caribbean, to New Orleans, to America, to the world. May Almighty God spare us!

But why should the redeemed befoul their tongues, minds, and souls with the cheap, sexy, often dirty, always empty, smart-aleck songs of the day? They will destroy the nobility of our souls in the same manner that sand in gears destroys a machine. Let us rather heed Isaac Watts' high and holy admonition:

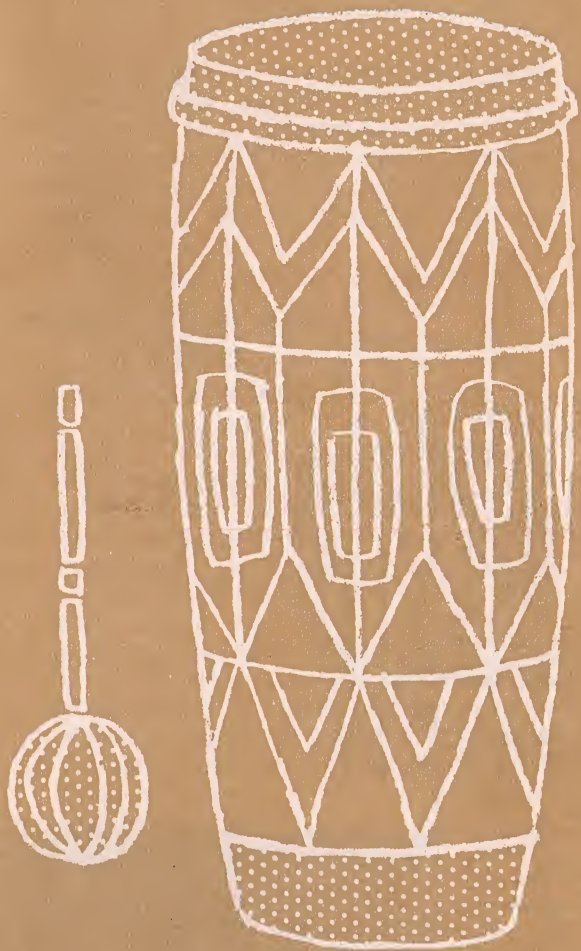
Begin, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing,
The mighty works, or mightier Name,
Of our eternal King.

Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
And sound His power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of His grace,
The love and truth of God.

O might I hear Thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art Mine,"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

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African Voodoo Drummer

